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THE CURE OF SAUL.

A SACRED ODE.

Written by Dr. BROWN.

The Music composed by Mr. ARNOLD.

Grata Testudo! — Laborum
Dulce Lenimen! Mihi cunque salve,
Rite vocanti.

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MDCCLXVII.

THE

C U R E

OF

S A U L.

A

SACRED ODE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

ARGUMENT.

SAUL, *for his Disobedience to Heaven, is afflicted with the Fiend of* MELANCHOLY, p. 7. DAVID *is sent for, to cure him by the Power of Music*, p. 8. *He comes attended with a Choir of Shepherds; and, as the Means of dispelling* SAUL's *Despair, he sings the Creation of the World, and the happy Estate of our first Parents in Paradise*, ib. to 9. SAUL *is moved by the Representation; but expostulates with* DAVID, "*why, when others are happy, He should be miserable*," p. 12. DAVID, *to convince him that Guilt is the Source of Misery, sings the Fall of Man, and his Expulsion from Paradise*, ib. DAVID *awakens his Conscience, and terrifies him, by singing the Fate and Punishment of Guilt, in the Destruction of the rebellious Tribe of* CHORAH *by an Earthquake*, p. 13 *to* 14. SAUL, *struck with Horror, attempts to kill himself*, p. 14. *But being prevented by his Friends,* DAVID *sooths his Anguish, by invoking Repentance and divine Mercy to compose his Passions*, p. 15. SAUL *relents into virtuous Sorrow*, p. 16. DAVID *now comforts him with the Return of the divine Favour*, p. ib. *To banish the Remains of Pride, he then sings his own Happiness in the humble*

Station of a Shepherd, 17. *Still farther to compose the Monarch's Griefs, by a Strain of soft Music he throws him into a gentle Slumber; invoking celestial Visions to transport him to the Regions of the Blessed, and change his Anguish into Joy*, p. 18. *The desired Effects appear in his Countenance: The Fiend departs: And* SAUL *awakes in perfect Tranquility*, p. 19. DAVID *then concludes with a Song of Triumph on the Powers of Harmony, and the seraphic Hymn that attended her, as the Minister of Heaven, on the Creation of the World*, p. 19 to 20.

THE

THE CURE OF SAUL.

PART I.

Choir. "VENGEANCE, ariſe from thy infernal Bed;
"And pour thy Tempeſt on his guilty Head!"

Recit.ace. Thus Heav'n's Decree, in Thunder's Sound,
Shook the dark Abyſs profound.——
The unchain'd Furies come!
Pale *Melancholy* ſtalks from Hell:
Th' abortive Offspring of her Womb,
Deſpair and *Anguiſh* round her yell.
By ſleepleſs Terror SAUL poſſeſs'd,
Deep feels the Fiend within his tortur'd Breaſt.

Song. Midnight Spectres round him howl:
Before his Eyes
In Troops they riſe;
And Seas of Horror overwhelm his Soul.

Recit. Haſte; to JESSE's *Son* repair:
He beſt can ſweep the Lyre,
Wake the ſolemn ſounding Air,
And lead the vocal Choir:
Song. On ev'ry String ſoft-breathing Raptures dwell,
To ſooth the Throbbings of the troubled Breaſt;
Whoſe magic Voice can bid the Tides of Paſſion ſwell,
Or lull the raging Storm to reſt.

Recit.acc. Sunk on his Couch, and loathing Day,
The heav'n-forſaken *Monarch* lay:
To the ſad Couch the *Shepherd* now drew near;
And, while th' obedient *Choir* ſtood round,
Prepar'd to catch the Soul-commanding Sound,
He drop'd a gen'rous Tear.——
Song. Thy pitying Aid, O GOD, impart!
For lo, thy Arrows drink his Heart!

The

Recit.acc. The mighty Song from *Chaos* roſe.—
Around his Throne the lifeleſs Atoms ſleep,
And drowſy Darkneſs broods upon the Deep:—
Confuſion, wake!
Bid the Realms of *Chaos* ſhake!
Rouſe him from his dread Repoſe!

Choir. Hark! loud *Diſcord* breaks her Chain:
The hoſtile Atoms claſh with deaf'ning Roar:
Her hoarſe Voice thunders through the drear Domain;
And kindles ev'ry Element to War.—

Song. " Tumult ceaſe!
" Sink to Peace!

Choir. " Let there be Light!" —Th' *Almighty* ſaid:
And lo, the radiant *Sun*,
Flaming from his orient Bed,
His endleſs Courſe begun.

Recit. See, the twinkling *Pleiads* riſe:
Thy Star, *Orion*, reddens in the Skies:
While ſlow around the northern Plain,
Arcturus wheels his nightly Wane.
Thy Glories, too, refulgent *Moon*, he ſung;
Thy myſtic Mazes, and thy changeful Ray:

O faireſt,

Song. O faireſt, mildeſt of the ſtarry Throng!
Thy ſolemn Orb of pureſt Light
Guides the triumphant Car of Night
O'er ſilver Clouds, and ſheds a ſofter Day!

Recit. In dumb Surpriſe the liſt'ning Monarch lay;
(His Woe ſuſpended by ſweet Muſic's Sway)
And awe-ſtruck, with up-lifted Eye
Mus'd on the new-born Wonders of the Sky.

Recit.acc. Lead the ſoothing Verſe along:
He feels, he feels the Pow'r of Song.—
Ocean haſtens to his Bed:
The lab'ring Mountain rears his rock-encumber'd Head:
Song. Down his ſteep and ſhaggy Side
The Torrent rolls his foaming Tide;
Ocean haſtens to his Bed:
The lab'ring Mountain rears his rock-encumber'd Head.
Song. Then ſmooth and clear, along the fertile Plain
Winds his majeſtic Waters to the Main.
Recit. Flocks and Herds the Hills adorn:
The Lark, high-ſoaring, hails the Morn.
And while along yon crimſon-clouded Steep
The ſlow Sun ſteals into the golden Deep,

Hark!

Song. Hark! the ſolemn Nightingale
Warbles to the woodland Dale.
See, deſcending Angels ſhow'r
Heaven's own Bliſs on *Eden*'s Bow'r:
Peace on Nature's Lap repoſes;
Pleaſure ſtrews her guiltleſs Roſes:
Joys divine in Circles move,
Link'd with Innocence and Love.

Choir. Hail, happy Love, with Innocence combin'd!
All hail, ye ſinleſs Parents of Mankind!

PART

PART II.

Recit. THEY paus'd: — the Monarch, proſtrate on his Bed,
Submiſſive bow'd his Head;
Ador'd the Works of boundleſs Pow'r divine:
Then anguiſh-ſtruck, he cried (and ſmote his Breaſt)

Song. Why, why is Peace the welcome Gueſt
Of ev'ry Heart but mine!

Recit.acc. Now let the ſolemn Numbers flow,
'Till he feel that Guilt is Woe.
Heav'nly Harp, in mournful Strain
O'er yon weeping Bow'r complain:
What Sounds of bitter Pangs I hear!
What Lamentations wound mine Ear!
In vain, devoted Pair, theſe Tears ye ſhed:
Peace with Innocence is fled.
The Meſſengers of Grace depart:
Death glares, and ſhakes the dreadful Dart!
Ah, whither fly ye, by yourſelves abhor'd,
To ſhun that frowning Cherub's firey Sword?

Choir. Lo!
Hapleſs, hapleſs Pair,

Goaded

Goaded by Deſpair,
Forlorn, thro' deſert Climes they go.

Song. Wake my Lyre! can Pity ſleep,
When Heav'n is mov'd, and Angels weep!
Flow ye melting Numbers, flow;
'Till he feel, that Guilt is Woe.—

Recit.acc. What Sounds of Terror and Diſtreſs
Rend yon howling Wilderneſs!
The dreadful Thunders ſound;
The forked Lightnings flaſh along the Ground.
Why yawns that deep'ning Gulph below?

Song. 'Tis for Heav'n's rebellious Foe:—

Recit.acc. Fly, ye Sons of ISRAEL, fly,
Who dwells in *Korah's* guilty Tents muſt die!—
They ſink!—Have Mercy, Lord!—Their Cries
In dreadful Tumult riſe!

Choir. "Oh ſave us, Heav'n! we ſink, we die!"

Recit. Hark from the Deep their loud Laments I hear!

Choir. "Oh ſave us, Heav'n, we ſink, we die!"

Recit. They leſſen now, and leſſen on the Ear!

Choir. "Oh ſave us, Heav'n, we ſink, we die!"

Recit. Now, the Strife of Fate is o'er!
The countleſs Hoſt
For ever loſt!
The Gulph is clos'd, their Cries are heard no more!—

Recit. But Oh, my Lyre, what Accents can relate
Sinful Man's appointed Fate!

Song. He comes, he comes! th' avenging God!
Clouds and Darkneſs round him rowl:
Tremble Earth! Ye Mountains, nod!
He bows the Skies, and ſhakes the Pole.
The gloomy Banners of his Wrath unfurl'd,
He calls the Floods, to drown a guilty World:
" *Ruin*, lift thy baleful Head;
" Rouze the guilty World from Sleep:
" Lead up thy Billows from thy cavern'd Bed,
" And burſt the Rocks that chain thee in the Deep.

Recit. Thus while the frowning *Shepherd* pour'd along
The deep impetuous Torrent of his Song;
SAUL, ſtung by dire Deſpair,
Gnaſh'd his Teeth, and tore his Hair:
From his Blood, by Horror chill'd,
A cold and agonizing Sweat diſtill'd:
Then, foaming with unutterable Smart,
He aim'd a Dagger at his Heart.
His watchful Train prevent the Blow;
And call each lenient Balm, to heal his frantic Woe:

Ceaſe

Duetto. Ceaſe your Cares: the Body's Pain
A ſweet Relief may find:
But Gums and lenient Balms are vain,
To heal the wounded Mind.

Song and Choir. Come, fair *Repentance*, from the Skies,
O ſainted Maid, with upcaſt Eyes!
Deſcend in thy celeſtial Shrowd,
Veſted in a weeping Cloud;
Holy Guide, deſcend, and bring
Mercy from th' eternal King!
Calm his Soul, your Beams impart,
And pour your Comforts o'er his Heart!

Recit. They come: O King, thine Ear incline:
Liſten to their Voice divine:

Song. Their Voice ſhall every Pang compoſe,
To gentle Sorrow ſooth thy Woes;
Till each pure Wiſh to Heav'n ſhall ſoar,
And Peace return, to part no more!

Recit. acc. Behold, obedient to their great Command,
The lifted Dagger quits his trembling Hand:
Smooth'd is his Brow, where ſullen Care
And furrow'd Horror couch'd with fell Deſpair:

No more his Eyes with Fury glow;
But heav'nly Grief ſucceeds to hell-born Woe.—

Song. See, the Signs of Grace appear:
See the ſoft relenting Tear,
Trickling at ſweet Mercy's Call!
Catch it, Angels, ere it fall!
And let the heart-ſent Off'ring riſe
Heav'n's beſt accepted Sacrifice!

Recit. Stoop from Heav'n, ye raptur'd Throng:
Sink, ye ſwelling Tides of Song!
For lo, diſſolv'd by Muſic's melting Pow'r,
Celeſtial Sorrow rolls her plenteous Show'r.
O'er his wan Cheek the Colours riſe;
And Beams of Comfort brighten in his Eyes.

Song. Happy King, thy Woes are o'er!
Thy God ſhall wound thy Heart no more;
The pitying Father of Mankind
Meets the pure-returning Mind.

Recit. No more ſhall black Deſpair afflict his Soul:
Each gentler Sound, ye Shepherds, now combine:

Choir. Sweetly let the Numbers roll;
Sooth him into Hope divine.

PART III.

Recit. NOW lowly let the ruſtic Meaſure glide,
To quell the dark Remains of ſelf-conſuming Pride;
'Till Nature's home-ſprung Bleſſings he confeſs,
And own that calm Content is Happineſs. —

Song. Ye Woods and Lakes, ye Cliffs and Mountains!
Haunted Grots, and living Fountains!
Liſten to your *Shepherd*'s Lay,
Whoſe artleſs Carols cloſe the Day.

Song. Bounding Kids around him throng;
The ſteep Rock echoes back his Song:

Recit. While all unſeen to mortal Eye,
Sliding down the Evening-Sky,
Holy *Peace*, tho' born above,
Daughter of *Innocence* and *Love*.

Quits

Quits her Throne and Manſion bright,
Her Crown of Stars, and Throne of Light,
Serene, in gentle Smiles arm'd
To dwell beneath his Palm-tree Shade.

Song. Hail, Angel meek! awful Gueſt!
Still pour thy Radiance o'er my Breaſt!
Let *Pride* and *Hate* in Court and City ſhine:
The *Shepherd's* calm and blameleſs Tent is mine.

Recit. The Monarch, ſunk in ſoft Repoſe,
Forgot his agonizing Woes.
To a ſoothing tranquil Strain,
Tune th' harmonious Lyre again.

Song. Softly, ſoftly breath your Numbers;
And wrap his wearied Soul in Slumbers!
Gentle Sleep becalm his Breaſt,
And cloſe his Eyes in healing Reſt!

Choir. Deſcend, celeſtial Viſions, ye who wait,
Gon's miniſtring Pow'rs, at Heav'n's eternal Gate!
Silent, waft him to the Skies,
And open all Heav'n's Glories to his Eyes!

Beyond

Beyond yon ſtarry Roof, by *Seraphs* trod,
Where Light's unclouded Fountains blaze;
Where Choirs immortal hymn their God,
Intranc'd in Ecſtaſy of ceaſeleſs Praiſe.

Duetto. Angels heal his Anguiſh!
Your Harps and Voices join!
His Grief to Bliſs ſhall languiſh,
When ſooth'd by Sounds divine.

Recit. Behold, with dawning Joy each Feature glows!
See the bliſsful Tear o'erflows!—
Choir and Song. The Fiend is fled!—Let *Muſic*'s Rapture riſe:
Now, *Harmony*, thy ev'ry Nerve employ:
Shake the Dome, and pierce the Skies:
Wake him, wake him into Joy.—

Recit. acc. What Pow'r can every Paſſion's Throe controul?
What Pow'r can boaſt the Charm divine,
To ſtill the Tempeſt of the Soul?
Celeſtial *Harmony*, that mighty Charm is thine!

The

She, heav'nly-born, came down to viſit Earth,
When from God's eternal Throne,
The Beam of all-creative *Wiſdom* ſhone,
And ſpake fair Order into Birth.

Song. At *Wiſdom*'s Call ſhe robed yon glittering Skies,
Attun'd the Spheres, and taught conſenting Orbs to riſe.
Angels wrapt in Wonder ſtood,
And ſaw that All was fair, and All was good.

Choir. 'Twas then, ye Sons of God, in bright Array
Ye ſhouted o'er Creation's Day:
Then kindling into Joy,
The Morning Stars together ſung;
And thro' the vaſt ethereal Sky
Seraphic Hymns and loud Hoſannahs rung.

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THE END.